Fables for Everyday By Sophle Irene Loeb

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The Touch-Me-Not Lady. NOE upon a time there was a woman. She had several attri-



outes. One of them was PITY. She believed that, like charity, pity begins at home. And so she pitled HERSBLF first of Those whose

charity does not begin at home called her a SEN-SITIVE SOUL, which is just a beautiful name for the commonly called touch-me-not

variety. Now, this touch-me-not lady would have been all very well if she had left the rest of us OUTSIDE her calculations. But she insisted on the forgetme-not attitude also; and manifested i accordingly.

inheritance from her predecessor, Niobe the woman of weeps; and at all occasions, willy-nilly, would bring on the

When she told you of a friend who had gone to the hospital she would cry about it, no matter how WELL that friend was doing. If she showed you the picture of her mother, who was far,

MEANT to be humorous. It happened to be a shoe that fitted-which would finner, some really VEXATIOUS brine

If her little "hopeful" came in with a splinter in his little finger, more little tears. Should the maid have left suddenly and she had to get a few meals. although the world is full of maids, she was MISERABLE and everybody else

There were few festivities at which SHE was not CHIEF mourner.

She wept at weddings, because they

enough to float the Maine.

must, of necessity, go on the theory of shone bright around her. which she was not supersensitive and weep unseen and waste Her would not feel hurt.

Sammy and the Subway; the Quest of a Seat

Clare Victor Dwiggins











The Papers Say By John L. Hobble

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UR President would no doubt welcome the old English custom of the ex-ruler remaining dead during the term of his suc-

For Hving upright, honorable lives ticelve men have been sentenced to thirty days in the fury box.

As to Presidents, we are in favor of giving each one of them two terms so the school children of the future will not have so many rames to re-

The millionaire who was arrested for speeding in Trenton now threatene to go there and invest his money.

The members of the Kansas Ter party are being taught a lesson. But ten't there another lesson for the

So the touch-me-not lady found herself left very much ALONE, Then she pitled herself more than ever

and cried more than ever. To make a long story short, she be

came a bundle of nerves tied together The Girl, the Bird and the Mouse. far away, she would cry a little more.

A pathetic ballad on the plane would bring forth a few more weeps. On occupant to cry—also to laugh, and vice began to cry—also to laugh, and vice versa.

Then she needed a douter. His first prescription was:

"Woman, stop your weeping and con phone saying he had a "lodge" meeting time the medicine every hour in the that night and would not be home to day."

It was bitter medicine for this woman. For she had absorbed SO MUCH of the were very happy.

The uncles heard of the good little sorrowful side that to be a total abstainer from the deluge of tears was bird and decided to take him, too. For POREIGN for her.

But it was a medicine of particular TIEM food each day they would not importance to her constitution and that have to buy any and then they would be RICHER THAN EVER. So one day

She began to realize that, had she not they came and took him away from the operated upon herself in time, she would oblid.

have found herself in a little world ALL. Now the poor little girl did not know were "so sad;" and cried at funerais for HER OWN. But, with continued doses a similar reason. She did not cry at of the new medicine, her own came to HER OWN funerals only—anybody her. Even her husband, who had forelse's would do.

Life was just one weep after another, and her friends thought she had wept

She began to learn the need of "Weep children who were in trouble so that

night she asked him to help get her no more, my lady! weep no more to-Now, it happened that even friends day-the sun shines bright." And all dear little playfellow out of the tower.

"laugh and the world," &c. For it was MORAL: THE TOUCH - ME - NOT She dreamed that she met a little mouse

Memoirs of a Commuter By Barton Wood Currie

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had only the vague urban notion or the ancient un-

liberation. I had never even heard of such Whist.

Minute Poker. I have been initiated. And, while not yet a feverish devotee ruthlessly trampling my fellowcommuters in a rush for the smoking cars. I know the "elbow" and the "double-trip" that help one win his way to a seat in a game with three redeyed frenetics capable of dealing and seconds and playing out an extra hand

Commuter's Whist is not an art that is gained in a day or a week or a dreadful oath to even up the score. month. It is more difficult to acquire than golf and a dinged sight more furious and nerve-exhausting. I will never forget the first day I was inducted out and was being prepared for planting. I was taken in. The man with the yellew heard and the long, pointed teeth sized me up as a veteran of the state of the s sized me up as a veteran of the game. I had only recently settled down in my triple-mortgaged villa and wore that harassed and haunted look that accrues to one who sits up nights to figure out

interest by integral calculus. "Take a hand" commanded the man with the yellow beard. And I put down my paper and crossed the alsie. Between the time I pulled up the skirts of my coat and sat down I had been dealt a hand. My partner was the man with the long, sharp teeth. Before I looked at my eards he blessed at me:

"Why don't you say something?"
I said "Hearts," blindly. There wasn't one in my hand. I made four misplays But I didn't trump my partner's ace, possessing no trumps. The man with the stilleto-edged teeth said nothing vocally, but his red eves overwhelmed me with anathems. The tired-looking youth with the old face spoke to me sofily when it came my turn to deal,

"You are growing old rapidly, You Heart Review. will have a long heard by the time The others smiled flendishly at this

and ground their teeth. course, I was losing money straight along for the man with the teeth, but as he had enticed me into the same I didn't feet very badly about it. My only feeling was that as we went and a maniscal manner,

NTIL I set up my Lares and Pen- | I was altogether unprepared for the ates in the valley of the Passaic bland smile that illuminated his lips as vague urban notion we drew into Jersey City. Suddenly as JUST To that whist (bridge the last hand was dealt and we got only DREAM! three tricks he reached across the bridged variety) board, touched me on the arm and said was a game that is in honeyed accents: "We have lost \$4.50. You can pay it were troubled about anything they

quietly and with this time, old chap. I will pay our next asked the kind Sandman to help them slow, cautious de-

And he melted into the surge that rushed off the train.

That same evening he coralled me

again in the same game, but not as a partner. His teeth gleamed brighter Cannon Ball than ever, but his smile did not last Hearts or Mile-a- him through the tunnel. I had a terrific burst of beginner's luck and with my partner was five iron men to the good when the last lightning deal came. course. I counted on getting that \$2.40 back, but as the train whistled into Dogwood Terrace the man with the teeth said:
"That makes us even, old chap, for

the \$2.40 you lost for me this morning." The two others chuckled, but said nothing. And being a new commuter I after the train has departed from the went home to a long, hard night mathamatics and did not come out of my trance till 3 A. M., when I swore a (To Be Continued.)

Just for Fun.

She-Well, he was flattered. He never owned \$50,000 in his life.-Fliegende Blaotter.

"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant. "What's that, doctor?"

"I have put my signature in the col-umn 'cause of death' in this death certificate."-Tid-Bits.

"Son. I wish you wouldn't play foot-ball this season. It worries your "I must have some excitement, dad."

"Welt, be a good boy and I'll let you entist in this European war."-Courier-Journal.

Mr. Crimsonbeak-Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. Mrs. Crimsonbeak-And, remember, John, the swans live on water .- Sa red

"My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me." "I noticed be made a very good job of beating the carpets."-Pittsburgh Post.

"What is your idea of patriotism?" "Patriotism," replied Senator Sorghum, "is what inspires a man to point through the tunnel he might turn out the lamp above our heads and bite me. He had a biting face, a murderous eye dorsement of his views by a foreigner."

Washington Star.

Sandman Stories

LONG, long time ago, when every one owned a farm, or a

But she had no mamma and no papa

so her wicked uncles took all her money

for she still had a sweet little bird who

brought her food each day. The birdle

The Sandman then sent her a dream

her uncles' house and freed the little bird prisoner. She awoke bright and early the next

morning and walked over the meadow and down the stream to the place where she dreamed she had met the

dever little mouse. She had not been there more than a minute when sure

THE SAME AS IN HER

enough, along came a little mouse

And always after that the good mouse,

the pretty birdle, and the poor little girl lived together. And whenever they

castle, and there were no apartment houses, there lived a little girl who was very rich. Written and U

By Eleanor Schorer



Christmas Shoppers

LARGE class of persons limit their A Christmas gifts to practical articies, and this is especially the

case in the family circle. Many of the shops are featuring just such gifts this year, so there will be no difficulty in making selections.

pigekin case are \$2.25. The man who can never find a pencil when he wants one will appreciate a

The housewife might like a dull brass

Hints for

For the traveller there are folding trouger hangers. A set of three in a

lead pencil stand of brass with six pencils and a rubber in upright compart-\$1.50, but a similar article in glass can be had for 59 cents.

The Two-Gun Man The Best Cowboy Story in Ten Years

By Charles Alden Seltzer

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Not Ferguson is a conticor whose deadly marksmaniphic and habet of carrying a couple of revolvger have won lim the title of "Two-tim Man."

He is litted by Ntafford, manager of the Two Diamond ranch, to track down a "resting (cattle
thieft who has been devastating the Two Diamond levils. Perginon comes to the ranch, cotensibly, as a sceler for siny cattle. On the
way thirder he is bitten by a rattlemnte and it
saved from death by the sattl of Mary, sister of
Ben Hafford, a neighboring rancher. Mary has
control for the material for a consiste movel. Pergicontrol, Between Lorisit and Ferguson an instructive hetred springs up. Nowe but Stafford
and Leviatt are supposed to know the real reason
for Perguson a presence at the Two Diamond,
Leviatt publicly insults Ferguson. The latter,
with dearn putol, forces an asponsy from him.
After that there is tacit war between them. Ferguson vaguinty supports Leviatt of having some
hand to the "neiting."

little while."

As he came out of a little gully a few

miles up the river and rode along the crest of a ridge that rose above sudless miles of plains, his thoughts went back to that first night in the bunkhouse when the outfit had come in from the range. Satisfaction glinted in his eyes. "I recken them boys didn't make good with her. An' I expect that some day Leviatt will find he's been wastin' his time." He frowned at thought of Leviatt

and unconsciously his spars drove hard against the pony's flanks. The little animal agrang forward, tossing his head spiritedly. Ferguson grinned and pasted its finak with a remorseful hand. "Well, now, Mustard," he said, "I wasn't reckonin' on takin' my spite out on you. You don't expect I thought. on you. You don't expect I thought you was Levistt." And he patted the

18.66, but a similar article in glass can be had for 50 cents.

The housewife might like a full breast tray with shown handles at \$1.25. One in copper is \$2.97, and a pretty one in full inche has a fancy brim in the polished metal and sells at \$2.27.

Table linens make nice gifts. A funcheon set in Madeira hand embroiding one of Christmas candy. An unusually pretty one in Bohemian glass at \$1.56 is a special offering at one of the shops.

A compote might accompany the box of Christmas candy. An unusually pretty one in Bohemian glass at \$1.56 is a special offering at one of the shops.

An eiterdown bathrobe is a practical gift. They can be had in all colors at M.50 and \$5.75.

For an invalid the compact service is appropriate. It constats of a teapot into the top of which the creamer fifs, and the cover of the latter serves as a sugar receptacle. In quadrupte silver they are 1.58. These sets, some with five pieces niting into one another, are also obtainable in porcelain.

For evening wear a girl would be pleased with a fancy silk fascinator that has a most becoming full fellid sugar. They are lovely and only \$2.56.

Elderdown mules ornamented with large saith slows look very combretables and can be had at \$1.50.

Day

Day

In the first strength of the streng

white blur in the great are of sky when Ferguson rede around the corner of the cabin in Bear Flat, halted his pony, and sat quietly in the saddle before the door. Mis rapid eye had already swept the horse corral, the sheds and the stable. If the horseman that he had seen riding along the ridge had been Radford he would not arrive for quite a little while. Meantime, he would learn from Miss Radford what direction the young man had taken on leaving the cabin.

on leaving the cabin.

Ferguson was beginning to take an interest in this game. At the outset he had come prepared to carry out his contract. In his code of ethics it was not a crime to shoot a rustier. Experience had taught him that justice was to be secured only through drastic action. In the criminal category of the West the rustler took a place beside the horse thief and the man who shot from be-hind.

But before taking any action Fergu-

wasn't reckonin' on takin' my spite out on you. You don't expect I thought you was Levistt.' And he patted the flash and struck the level, travelling at a slow hope through the shallow washout. The ground was broken and rocks and the shakelike cactus caught at his attrup leatners. A rattle warned from the shadow of some sagebrush and, remembering his previous caught at his attrup leatners. A rattle warned from the shadow of some sagebrush and, remembering his previous to shadow it is shoot its head off.

"There," he said, surveying the shattered snake, "I reckon you aln't to blame for nie belief bit by your uncle or cousin, or somethin, but I ain't never goin' to be particular when I see one of your family swingth' their head that suggestive."

He rocks on sagin, reloading his pietot. For a little time he travelled at a brisin pace and then he halfed to breaths Musard and then he halfed to breaths Musard and then he halfed to breaths Musard and then he halfed to breath with a masual glance.

He sat erect instantly, focusing his gaze upon a speek that loomed through a dust cloud some miles distant. For a time he watched the speek, he eyes marrowing. Finally he made out the speek to be a man on a pony.

"He sat erect instantly, focusing his gaze upon a speek that loomed through a dust cloud some miles distant. For a time he watched the speek, he eyes and substitute of the speek to be a man on a pony.

"He sat erect instantly, focusing his gaze upon a speek that loomed through it was a knowln't has hands; "hith the breeze for fair." He meditated again,

"He he breeze for fair," He meditated long, a critical amile reaching his lays.

"He he breeze for fair," He meditated again,

"How far would you say he's off, mustand? Ten miles, I reckon you'd say if you was a knowln't horse."

The herecann had reached a slight ridge and for a moment he appeared on the creat of it, racing his pony toward the river. Then he auddenly disappared.

The herecann had reached a slight ridge and for a moment he appeared on the creat of i

Some Good Stories of the Day

Bad Day for Boating.

A T a fashionable seaside resort a lady visitor, in charge of some half dozen youngsters, apent a good deal of her time in attempting to make bargains with the boatmen on the

came to be pretty well known, and he age was not particularly desired.

"Well, mum," said John critically surreying the group, "I couldn't possibly do it under ten shillings." "Ten shillings!" maped the lady, "that is imply preposterous! That man over there," in-loating another boatman, "has offered to take us

Had a Great System.

WILBUR C. PHILLIPS, the child-welfare worker, tells a story to show how entered end.

We worker, tells a story to show how entered end.

Lematized work will usually bring the desired end.

tematized work will usually bring the decider committee boatman, "has offered to take us gived end.

A peddler climbed to the stath floor of an artempt to sell his warms. The first man he met house in an attempt to sell his warms. The first man he met he insisted should buy and three him down the next flight. The first man he met he insisted should buy landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man he met he insisted should buy and the met should buy landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man be next flight. The first man he met he insisted should buy landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man he met he insisted should buy landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man be next flight. The first man he met him down the next flight. The first man he met him down the next flight. The first man he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the peddler finally landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the man he met him down the next flight. The first man he met him down the next flight. The first man he met he unisted should buy landed on the first floor with a crash, "first man he met he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the man he met he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the man he met him down the next flight. The first man he met he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the man he met he met stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the meat stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the meat stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the meat stairs.

A man standing on the fourth floor helped the meat stairs.

A meat stairs.

"Well, John," she remarked to a beatman one morning, "what will you charge to row us round the point?" By Hutch Mrs. Economy

